

my father's death obscured."

Somehow Vernon Whyte all the way home could not get the beautiful, self-reliant Neva out of his mind. Then, two days later, in looking over some papers in Mr. Whyte's box in the vault, he made a discovery that made him quail and brought to his mind with renewed intensity the sister and brother at Coketon who had so interested him.

"It is incredible—it is inexplicable!" he fairly gasped, as he glanced over a document in his hand.

"I have something of importance to say to you, sir," he announced to Mr. Brooks, entering his private office. "Quite by accident in searching for an important receipt, I came across a document among your private papers. It shows that the property at Coketon supposedly yours, is really owned by the heirs of Martin Dorris."

"Where—where is the paper?" quavered the millionaire, springing to his feet pale as ashes.

"It proves more," proceeded Whyte incisively. "There has been forgery, misrepresentation, robbery in the fictitious transfer of that property to the company."

John Brooks broke down. His cringing nature was manifested as he admitted fraud, as he excused it on the ground of business policy.

"Don't be a fool, Whyte," he said. "Your salary will be five thousand at the next directors' meeting. To retrace our—well, our mistake, would mean a criminal admission. We can't do that, you know."

"You must, in all fairness and honor—"

"We must not and will not. We are powerful to crush where we list. Be careful! Don't spoil your bright business career by giving way to sentiment. Forget the incident. There—there is Portia, too."

But Portia, made aware of the circumstances, briefly, coldly informed her lover that she would side with her father. The engagement was

broken and White, while disappointed, was thankful that he had fathomed the cruel nature of Portia Brooks in time.

"I suppose you will insist upon making us trouble?" observed Brooks somewhat uneasily.

"No," replied Whyte quietly. "I simply resign my position, return you the incriminating document and leave it to your conscience as to future action in the premises."

That was the end of the business dream of Vernon Whyte. He had thought it all over and had made a noble resolve. Within a week he was employed as an office clerk at a town two miles from Coketon, his first step taken toward coming into the life of the defrauded Dorris family in a practical way.

Within another week he had managed it so that he was a boarder at the new small but neat home of which Neva Dorris was the mistress. It came about so naturally that there seemed no purpose in it. Then began a life in which Whyte cheered the lowly existence of the sister and brother and learned to forget the past, and learned more of the rare, soulful nature of the girl he was beginning to love.

And one fair summer eve he told Neva that she was all in the world to him. She cried on his shoulder as she realized how much that meant to her. And the man who had determined to make up to her all of the comfort and luxury the stolen land might have brought her, felt repaid for his efforts.

How they planned for the future! How happy was Neva in contemplating an humble but happy home! And then great news came from the mine one day. Brooks had visited it and got caught amidst the fire damp. He was dreadfully burned, his eyesight gone forever, but his life was saved. Poor, crippled Gabriel had borne the senseless victim on his shoulder through a mile of tunnels, bringing him at last to the surface.